

zTv

by

Jim Malone

Copyright 2019

Jim Malone
Jimmalone66@aol.com
516-551-3683

FADE IN:

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Grey, choppy water beneath dismal, rumbling thunderclouds. Beyond the sound of wind and surf, another sound begins to GROW--

--a SEAHAWK MH-60 NAVY HELICOPTER drops beneath the clouds suddenly, passing closely and heading toward--

--EDEN ISLAND. Even from a distance, we can make out a golf course, several resort hotels, and pristine beaches. All of it EMPTY.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The PILOT, wearing a military grade HAZMAT SUIT, wrestles with the joystick. HUGE RAINDROPS drum the windshield. He LOOKS behind him--

--at TWO AIRCREWMEN, also in HAZMAT SUITS, as they attach a CABLE to a body harness worn by NAOMI MARTINEZ (late 30s), who sits on the chopper's deck, her feet toward the door.

Naomi is NOT wearing a hazmat suit. Her harness has BODY CAMERAS attached to each shoulder.

She nods at the pilot, her pixie haircut sticking to the side of her otherwise expressionless face.

They finish the hookup and OPEN the SIDE DOOR--

--while Aircrewman #2 tugs at the cable where it enters the mechanical SPOOL attached to the ceiling.

Aircrewman #1 leans down so his face is close to Naomi's.

AIRCREWMAN #1
(yelling over noise)
You don't have to do this!

She responds by moving closer to the door.

Aircrewman #1 looks at the Pilot.

PILOT
(filtered, via headset)
It's her funeral.

AIRCREWMAN #1
(filtered)
Sir, if they don't get to her first--

PILOT
(filtered, to Aircrewman #1)
Aircrewman, we're here because of
decisions other people made.
(to Aircrewman #2)
And you! Hit that emergency release on
that cable if you have to. No way
we're joining this suicide mission.

The Aircrewmen nod, and Aircrewman #1 helps Naomi get into
position in the door.

AIRCREWMAN #1
(yelling, to Naomi)
Remember, mandatory body cams activate
as soon as you're low enough to be
picked up by WiFi. If either cam is
disabled, you've got about a minute
before an alarm goes off -- a *loud*
alarm -- and these things are
attracted to noise. So don't mess with
the cams, okay?

She nods, then LOOKS DOWN.

NAOMI'S POV: The SHORELINE is below them now. Not too far
down. If you're a goddamn seagull.

EXT. TREELINE NEAR GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

A skinny man in a baseball cap and a radio headset (SCOOTER,
mid 20s) looks through HIGH-POWERED BINOCULARS--

--at the CHOPPER, pitching even worse as it enters the
island's thermal updrafts beyond the trees.

Scooter turns his rain-streaked face toward muscular CHUNK
and lanky GIGA (both in their 20s) hunkered under a nearby
tarp. All are wearing harnesses similar to Naomi's; BODY CAMS
pivot on their shoulders.

Their expressions aren't hopeful.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The chopper is really bucking now.

PILOT
(filtered)
Less than a minute to the DZ.

AIRCREWMAN #1
(filtered)
Yes sir.

EXT. BENEATH THE HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Naomi is LOWERED as the chopper is buffeted by increasing winds. She starts SWINGING back and forth.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

A sudden GUST hits the chopper, and AIRCREWMAN #2 loses his balance. He tries to GRAB something--

--and accidentally hits the EMERGENCY RELEASE on the spool. The line unwinds with a SCREECH--

EXT. BENEATH THE HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

--and Naomi PLUMMETS earthward--

EXT. TREELINE NEAR GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

BINOCULAR POV: NAOMI FALLS BEYOND THE FAR TREES.

SCOOTER (O.S)
Shit!

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Aircrewman #1 leans out the door and looks down to see--

--Naomi LANDING on the roof of an air-supported TENNIS BUBBLE. She SLIDES down the side into the surrounding bushes.

Aircrewman #1 looks back at the pilot.

PILOT
(filtered, via headset)
Deploy equipment!

EXT. TREELINE NEAR GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

BINOCULAR POV: A BLACK BAG suspended beneath a cargo parachute drifts toward the ground, disappearing behind the tree-line. The chopper heads back to sea.

Scooter lowers the binoculars, speaks into his HEADSET.

SCOOTER
Ky, did you see that?

INT. ELSEWHERE - SOMEPLACE DARK - CONTINUOUS

A laptop screen shows SEVERAL PERSPECTIVES via the shoulder cams mounted on Scooter and his team: (1) the chopper heading back toward the sea; (2) Chunk and Giga moving toward Scooter; (3) Scooter himself.

SCOOTER
(on laptop screen, filtered)
It's possible she landed on the tennis bubble just past the trees.

A muscular forearm with a FULL SLEEVE TATTOO OF A SNAKE reaches toward the keyboard; this is all we see of KY WILLIAMS (30s).

KY
Negative. We've risked enough.

SCOOTER
(on laptop screen, filtered)
Aw. Sounds like you care.

KY
You know better.

EXT. TREE LINE NEAR GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

Scooter whirls a finger in the air; Chunk and Giga quickly gather gear and head into the brush.

Scooter takes one last LOOK before following.

EXT. BRUSH NEAR TENNIS DOME

Naomi, still recovering, is STARTLED by a sudden KLAXON ALARM interspersed with a LOUD FEMALE DIGITAL VOICE:

DIGITAL VOICE
BODY CAM INOPERATIVE...BODY CAM
INOPERATIVE...BODY CAM INOPERATIVE...

She looks. Yep, a shoulder cam is snapped off, gone. She tries to muffle the SOUND with her hands. No dice.

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GOLF COURSE

Scooter stops and looks toward the distant Klaxon. Dammit--
--but he is GRABBED by Giga.

GIGA

You dumb enough to try saving someone
who's dumb enough to disable a cam?

SCOOTER

You know who she is? This lady ain't
dumb. Cam musta broke when she landed.

The distant, female digital voice drones on.

GIGA

Yeah, just like her neck. C'mon.

EXT. GOLF COURSE

NAOMI jogs across the fairway, the harness still blaring:

DIGITAL VOICE

BODY CAM INOPERATIVE...BODY CAM
INOPERATIVE...

Beyond her, largely OBSCURED by the driving rain, we see what
looks like TWO PEOPLE coming toward her.

She reaches the edge of a WATER HAZARD and WADES IN--

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Naomi CROUCHES underwater, muddy clouds swirling . The
digital voice, MUFFLED now by the water, CONTINUES--

--until the BUSTED CAM on her shoulder POPS with a tiny
spark. Short-circuited now, the VOICE and ALARM CEASE.

EXT. WATER HAZARD - CONTINUOUS

She resurfaces, grinning smugly at the now-silent cam, and as
she TURNS--

--a male GREEN-SKINNED ZOMBIE dressed in torn GOLF CLOTHES
and a female TENNIS PLAYER ZOMBIE with one arm like a giant
lobster claw LUNGE for her. They all PLUNGE into the water--

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

--where the subsequent swirling, muddy mess makes it impossible to see what the hell is happening--

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. WATER HAZARD - CONTINUOUS

Naomi RESURFACES, scrambling to gain the shore--

--as the GOLFER ZOMBIE emerges and GRABS her ANKLE--

--she rolls over and KICKS him, breaking free just as the
Lobster-armed Tennis Player RISES from the water too--

--and now Naomi is RUNNING across the fairway--

--as DOZENS OF OTHER MUTANT ZOMBIES emerge from nearby
bushes: kids, teens, adults, wearing bathing suits and soccer
uniforms and bartender aprons and other island resort garb.

Naomi VEERS as one route is CUT OFF, then ANOTHER, until
finally she SLIPS in a sand trap, and just as they close--

--the long metal arm of a GOLF BALL PICKER attached to a golf
cart suddenly BLINDSIDES a section of the zombie mutant herd.

Scooter OPENS THE DOOR to the caged-in golf cart--

SCOOTER

GET IN!

--and NAOMI SCRAMBLES inside, CLOSING the cage door just as
the things ATTACK again from all sides.

INT. GOLF CART - CONTINUOUS

The cage is covered with zombies CLAWING to get at them.

SCOOTER

Hold on - I'm gonna shake 'em.

He FLOORS IT and CRANKS THE WHEEL--

EXT. ABOVE THE GOLF CART - CONTINUOUS

The cart starts doing CRAZY DONUTS and FIGURE EIGHTS,
flinging zombie mutant bodies everywhere--

And then -- suddenly -- we're RISING QUICKLY to about a
hundred feet above the whirling cart. Just as the last one
flies off and the cart heads for the tree line we--

TILT toward the horizon and PIVOT 180 degrees, revealing that
the island is SURROUNDED by what looks like a MILITARY FLEET.

We ZOOM AT WARP SPEED to one of the ships, then slow as we approach the UNITED NATION'S FLAG waving beside a telecommunications DISH, its lights BLINKING busily.

Then we ROCKET UPWARD, through the cloud cover, to--

--a SATELLITE in low orbit, also WINKING AND BLINKING--

--before we PIVOT and PLUMMET EASTWARD, the earth moving quickly beneath us until we reach--

NEW YORK CITY

where the signal we've been following is received by skyscraper-mounted telecom TOWERS, and channeled via THICK CONDUITS down into the building to--

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - DAY

--A GIANT SCREEN, subdivided into rows of video feeds, providing playback from multiple angles of all the action we just saw.

We turn away and start weaving through DOZENS OF WORKSTATIONS, each occupied by a technician reviewing individual footage from a different camera angle.

This place looks like NASA's Mission Control Center. But it's not. It's the PRODUCTION HUB for a reality TV show.

We reach the opposite wall where we find a giant "zTv" LOGO and, above it, a PRODUCTION OFFICE, similar to a manager's perch overlooking a factory floor.

A catwalk balcony juts out from this office, and it's here where we find HANNAH KARP (28) the show's lead producer, seated in a digitally connected throne-like perch that makes Captain Kirk's chair on the *Enterprise* look like grandpa's recliner.

Hannah addresses the scores of people working on the floor.

HANNAH

Okay people! We've got less than 48 hours to airtime so listen up. Jason--

A stubble-faced millennial (JASON) PERKS UP.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

--audio in the chopper was dirty as hell. I want voice talent ready to
(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)
lip-sync for pilot and crew.

Jason gives her a thumbs up.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Linda?

A perky-and-pierced brunette (LINDA) TURNS and NODS.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Our girl's bodycam footage was pretty
jumpy. Beef up the edit with feeds
from Tribe members and ground cams.

Linda nods again.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Dawson, is the new arrival's bio reel
ready?

A chubby guy in a bowtie (DAWSON) pumps his fist in the air.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Good. We'll update promos with footage
of her sitting in that chopper door,
the cable releasing early, and the
fall. No facial shots, of course.
We've been teasing our fans about this
surprise arrival -- let's crank it up
a bit with some potential tragedy.
(she looks around)
I'm happy, people. Except for one
thing. All eyes, big screen.

They obey, turning as she TAPS a button on the Control Chair,
and the UNDERWATER SEQUENCE of Naomi begins to play.

HANNAH (O.S.)
Why was there a camera down in that
water hazard? It wasn't on any call
sheet I saw.

Silence. Techs looks at each other.

Except ONE GUY sitting at a workstation who is quietly
setting a JOYSTICK on his desk and reaching for a BURRITO
next to it. He's not watching the screen or looking around.
Hannah's zeroes him in a heartbeat.

HANNAH
You. Drone Jockey.

BURRITO BOY looks up. Busted.

BURRITO BOY
I thought...I mean...okay, last week
we launched the Eleven Hundreds,
supposed to be water-proof, right?
They hold up in the rain, but we
should know how far we can push 'em,
right? I thought we should gamble to--

HANNAH
'Gamble.' Who's your supervisor?

Burrito Boy glances at another tech in a BASEBALL CAP.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(to Baseball Cap)
Did you tell this drone jockey to
'gamble' with equipment that costs
more than a small child?

BASEBALL CAP
No ma'am.

HANNAH
(to Baseball Cap)
Too bad. You're on clip review.
(to Burrito Boy)
You're new chief drone jockey.
(to everyone)
Initiative, people! *That* is why zTv is
going to shatter our own viewership
record again!

She points--

--at a DIGITAL COUNTDOWN near the giant multi-screen.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Forty-six hours, fifty-five minutes
until airtime. Scooter will have her
at base to meet Ky and the rest of the
Tribe in ten minutes. I want dedicated
drones for each Tribe member, shoulder
cams calibrated for low light and
tight focus. Faces are often the
loudest voices in the room. Move,
people!

She heads back to the office as the techs fall back to work like wolves to meat.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Hannah closes the door and scowls at WALTER PONDRUP (50s), a handsome, square-jawed man whose athletic frame nicely fills his expensive suit. Pondrup claps slowly and appreciatively.

TODD WILHELM (40s), Pondrup's smug attorney, sits nearby.

PONDRUP

I swear, Hannah, I should move you into marketing.

HANNAH

Bullshit. You've got enough people telling sheep what to think. I'm better at telling people what to do.

PONDRUP

Yes you are.

He walks over to a table-sized digital tablet displaying a MAP of Eden Island. A BLUE DOT moves along a road.

HANNAH

You still haven't told me how you got her to agree to this.

He smiles.

PONDRUP

Same way I get everything: leverage.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. DAYCARE CENTER - DAY

SCREAMING TODDLERS chase a ball across the carpeted floor.

SUPER: ONE WEEK EARLIER...

One of them is GRABBED for a moment by a woman with long red hair that looks like it's straight from a bottle.

The woman wipes the kid's RUNNY NOSE, then releases him to rejoin the pack. Then she stands back up, tucking the long red hair behind an ear. It's NAOMI.

Her CELL PHONE rings. The caller ID says CARRIE.

NAOMI
(answering, into phone)
Hey.
(listens)
Sure. I don't have to be at the diner
until four. I'm leaving here in a few
minutes. Be out front, okay?

She hangs up.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - SHORT TIME LATER

Idling at the curb, Naomi dials and gets CARRIE'S surly voicemail greeting.

CARRIE
(filtered)
If you don't know what to do after the
beep, you're pretty freaking hopeless.

[BEEP]

NAOMI
(into phone)
Hey, I'm here. Where are you?

MONTAGE: We listen to repeated rings and playbacks of the greeting as other cars show up, get kids, leave--

[RING]

CARRIE
(filtered)
If you don't know what to do--

[RING]

CARRIE (CONT'D)
(filtered)
--don't know what to do--

[RING]

CARRIE (CONT'D)
(filtered)
--what to do--

INT. APARTMENT - SHORT TIME LATER

Naomi ENTERS, juggling her SHOULDER BAG, the phone pressed to her ear as she listens to the END of the voicemail greeting.

CARRIE
(filtered)
--you're pretty freaking hopeless.

[BEEP]

Naomi STOPS, her eyes falling on a BACKPACK on the floor.

NAOMI
Are you kidding me?

She STORMS into the living room--

NAOMI (CONT'D)
You couldn't call and tell--

CARRIE (14), sits on the couch between TWO GOONS in expensive suits. Carrie's hands are behind her back.

Naomi hesitates for the briefest of moments before she FLINGS her bag into the face of GOON #1 and ATTACKS GOON #2--

NAOMI (CONT'D)
(yelling to Carrie)
RUN! HONEY, RUN--!

Carrie TRIES to get up but is easily pulled back down by Goon #1. He keeps his seat beside her--

--while Goon #2 WRESTLES with Naomi.

GOON #1
(to Goon #2, matter-of-factly)
Okay, you were right.

Goon #2 has Naomi's WRISTS, slowing her attack--

GOON #2
(to Goon #1)
--Gee, thanks--OW!!!

--but her TEETH manage to sink into one of his hands, and the two of them CRASH to the floor.

Goon #1 LIFTS HIS FEET nonchalantly as if for a passing vacuum cleaner, so the struggling duo can ROLL PAST--

GOON #1
(conversationally)
You're welcome. It's important to admit when we're wrong. Right?

--they TIP OVER the coffee table--

GOON #1 (CONT'D)
I think it's one of the gravest
indicators of our civilization's
current depravity: our inability--

--take out a FLOOR LAMP--

GOON #1 (CONT'D)
--to admit--

--and crash into a small COMPUTER DESK, spilling onto the
floor an assortment of pens, markers--

GOON #1 (CONT'D)
--our mistakes.

--and a pair of SCISSORS. Naomi GRABS them and TURNS--

--as Goon #2 grabs the LAMP, wielding it like a club.

GOON #2
(panting, to Goon #1)
That's real big of you.

Naomi adjusts the scissors in her hand, READY--

GOON #1
(to Goon #2)
Actually, I should've agreed with you
from the start. Obviously, she thinks
Mariano sent us.

Naomi, about to attack, STOPS. And BLINKS.

NAOMI
Wait, you -- you're not with Mariano?

GOON #1
If we were, don't you think you'd
already be dead?

INT. KITCHEN - SHORT TIME LATER

PASSPORTS FROM SEVERAL COUNTRIES spill across the kitchen
table. A few of them are PICKED UP and OPENED one at a time
as we hear Walter Pondrup's voice.

PONDRUP (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 You've been hiding here for two years,
 Naomi, ever since you testified--

PASSPORT #1: Naomi as a French woman--

PONDRUP (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (filtered)
 --and helped convict the chief of the
 Chicago PD, an Assistant D.A., two DEA
 agents--

PASSPORT #2: --as a New Zealander--

PONDRUP (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (filtered)
 --and several members of the Mariano
 syndicate.

PASSPORT #3 --and as a Brit.

A LAPTOP on the kitchen table shows Pondrop's face via a
 video call. The Manhattan skyline is behind him.

PONDRUP
 (filtered, on screen)
 At the time you were teaching viral
 genetics at the University of Chicago
 and moonlighting with Chicago PD as an
 expert on DNA evidence. Prior to that
 you'd led bio-weapon inspection teams
 into Fallujah and Baghdad. Prior to
that you tracked down Ebola in the
 Belgian Congo.

Naomi drops the passports back on the kitchen table and
 scowls at the laptop. Carrie sits beside her.

Nearby, Goon #2 holds a bag of frozen peas to his face.

NAOMI
 What's your point?

EXT. PONDRUP'S PENTHOUSE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

He sips his drink, lounging beneath a perfect summer sky.

PONDRUP
Great question. I imagine you ask
 yourself that one a lot. Naomi
 (MORE)

PONDRUP (CONT'D)
Martinez. A woman who has run toward
danger her entire life. Kimberly
Costello. A woman who wipes runny
noses by day and slings hash by night.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Naomi chews her lip as she listens.

PONDRUP (O.S.)
(filtered)
Who hides in a tiny apartment with her
daughter "Carrie," and worries she
won't even be able to afford to get
her through community college. You
tell me: what's the point in that?

Naomi's eyes flicker toward her daughter, who is looking DEAD
AT HER with an expression that's hard to read. Fear? Hope?
Both?

NAOMI
(to Pondrup)
It was different when I was younger.
It was just my safety. But now--

CARRIE
Don't.

Everyone turns to look at Carrie, trembling with anger.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
Don't you dare blame this shit on me--

NAOMI
Chelsea, I'm not--

CARRIE
What did you say? What did you just
call me? I gave up that name,
remember? You made me. You made me
give up everything.

NAOMI
It was the only way.

CARRIE
Maybe it was. But it's not anymore.

She nods toward the PASSPORTS on the table.

Naomi picks them up, weighs them in her hands, looks at the laptop screen where Pondrup waits.

NAOMI

(to Pondrup)

Let's say I'm crazy enough to do this.
Where does *she* go?

PONDRUP

(on screen, filtered)

Now we get to the sweet part of the deal! See, Witness Protection can only operate within U.S. borders and, even worse, within a pretty lame federal budget. Hence the lovely home your daughter and you currently inhabit. I, on the other hand, have no such limits.

EXT. PONDRUP'S PENTHOUSE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Pondrup leans in toward the screen, driving the final nail.

PONDRUP

Just for agreeing to try to help me, I'll guarantee your daughter's safety for the rest of her life. Full security detail. She'll enjoy the kind of educational and professional opportunities any mom would wish for her kid. And if you succeed? If you manage to develop a vaccine, help me reclaim the island paradise I built and then lost to these...things? Well, Naomi Martinez -- then you'd have the biggest blankest check ever. You'd have the wealthiest man in the world in your debt.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Naomi puts the passport down.

NAOMI

And if I say no?

On screen, Pondrup sits back and shrugs.

PONDRUP

(filtered)

It took some time and money for my
(MORE)

PONDRUP (CONT'D)
boys to find you. The Mariano
syndicate has those resources too.

Naomi chews her lip, her eyes flickering toward
Carrie/Chelsea, who is NODDING...

END FLASHBACK

EXT. ISLAND ROAD - DAY

The rain has subsided. The golf cart carrying Naomi and
Scooter stops at a dead end at the bottom of a CLIFF.

Scooter presses a BUTTON on a remote control--

--and a section of the cliff begins to SLIDE ASIDE--

--revealing a cluster of BUILDINGS forming a small village
beyond it, including a FIREHOUSE and adjoining SHERIFF'S
OFFICE at the center.

Scooter pulls the golf cart through and stops again to shut
the "gate" behind them.

A DRONE CAMERA arrives, hovering nearby, its red light ON.

Naomi frowns at it.

SCOOTER
(re: drone)
Flying eyeball. You'll get used to
them. This one's here to get some
exposition. Hold on a sec.

He takes a breath, goes into what we'll come to know as
"performance mode" - where he's speaking to Naomi, but it's
obviously for the camera.

SCOOTER (CONT'D)
This area was built for service staff
-- people who ran the resort. Most
were at work when the virus hit.

NAOMI
(catches on, tries to be helpful)
Hmm. How many?

SCOOTER
There were almost 700 souls on this
island eighteen months ago. Just the
(MORE)

SCOOTER (CONT'D)
four of us now. Five, counting you.

His headset CHIRPS.

SCOOTER (CONT'D)
(into headset)
Yeah?

GIGA
(filtered, via headset)
Got it. Nice job. Hannah says we're
doing the meet-and-greet in the truck
bay.

SCOOTER
See you there.

They drive toward the firehouse.

EXT. FIREHOUSE ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

We watch with Killer Ky, Giga and Chunk as they approach.

A drone arrives and hovers nearby, recording the trio.

Their headsets all *chirp* - it's HANNAH.

HANNAH
(filtered, via headset)
Hope you've got your game faces on
boys. I'm not the only girl on the
team anymore. We'll try an improv run
for the meet-and-greet first, see what
kind of an edge we can catch.

The men begin to head for the stairs.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(filtered, via headset)
Hey Ky..?

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Hannah, looking up at the huge multiscreen, is dwarfed by the
huge CLOSEUP on Killer Ky as he turns back toward the drone,
letting us see his FACE fully for the first time.

A KNIFE SCAR and what looks like a CHEMICAL BURN twist one
side of it, but somehow the guy is still good looking.

KILLER KY
(filtered, on screen)
Yeah?

HANNAH
Let's try to be welcoming to our new
Tribe member.

He smiles and pulls out a HUGE KNIFE--

EXT. FIREHOUSE ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

--and LEANS IN toward the hovering drone.

KILLER KY
Aw, see? Now I'm confused. I thought
you just said you wanted her to '*catch
an edge.*'

He grins, re-sheathes the knife, and follows the others.

INT. FIREHOUSE TRUCK BAY

Scooter and Naomi pull in. Giga and Chunk enter via the
stairs. Ky slides down the FIRE POLE. Everyone is in
PERFORMANCE MODE.

Each tribe member has a dedicated drone, and a sixth takes
position in the center, PANNING across the Tribe members as
they take positions: Giga and Chunk flank Ky, who strikes an
authoritative pose against the pole; Scooter stands near the
golf cart beside Naomi.

KILLER KY
(big, dramatic)
Well, here she is! Dr. Naomi Martinez,
genius scientist--

CHUNK
(sympathetic)
Aw, c'mon, Ky. She had a pretty rough
landing. Let's give her--
(he stops, TURNS to his drone)
I know we talked about me and the Doc
forming an alliance, but since
Scooter's the one who saved her maybe
he should do it?

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Hannah, sitting in the Control Chair, shakes her head.

HANNAH

Everyone's a damn writer.

She looks back up at the multi-screen grid, where multiple angles on everyone in the firehouse are displayed. A dozen technicians scurry about the studio, as hushed as they are hurried.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

If any of you break character again when my cams are rolling, you won't see Elysium for a month.

CHUNK

(filtered, on screen)

Copy that, boss. Sorry.

HANNAH

Okay, here's our play. Chunk, you'll do backup with Giga to Ky's hostility, and Scooter will play nice-nice with the newbie. We're not aiming for a full-blown romance, Scoot, but maybe a crush? A little tropical love drama? Cams are still rolling so let's just pick it up where Chunk--

NAOMI

(on screen, filtered)

Excuse me, can we dispense with the bullshit?

INT. FIREHOUSE TRUCK BAY - CONTINUOUS

A DRONE hovers nearby, ZOOMING on Naomi's deadpan face.

NAOMI

Seriously, it's been a bit of a day. I'm going to eat something. Then we'll need to go find the gear I'm hoping you remembered to drop.

SCOOTER

They dropped it. I saw the chute. Giga, if you can spot it, we can--

KILLER KY

Hold on a second! Let's get clear on who's calling the shots--

A SHRIEK OF AUDIO FEEDBACK through his headset -- through ALL

the headsets -- cuts him off and makes everyone WINCE.

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Hannah's finger dials back the VOLUME knob.

HANNAH

Let's be very clear. This isn't a democracy.

Naomi glares back on several screens, from several angles.

NAOMI

(on screen, filtered)

Without the proper gear, I can't do what I'm here to do. So. We need to go back and get it. And I need a fresh specimen from one of these things. You can decide how, and even when, but--

HANNAH

I'll decide a lot more than that, missy. You're in for a--

PONDRUP (O.S.)

She's right.

Hannah turns and sees Pondrup behind her on the balcony, flanked by Wilhelm.

PONDRUP (CONT'D)

Go back and get the gear.

He goes back into the production office.

Hannah turns back to the screens and her team. They look away quickly, like kids who've walked in on mom and dad arguing.

Hannah only hesitates a moment, Thinking on her feet is what she does best.

HANNAH

Okay. Ky, have Giga get eyeballs on the bag. We'll scrap the catch-and-release scenario. You and the Tribe need to scramble a retrieval sequence.

INT. FIREHOUSE TRUCK BAY - CONTINUOUS

Ky nods, glaring at Naomi as he speaks into his headset.

KILLER KY

Copy that.

HANNAH

(filtered, via headseet)

I'll be back in thirty to review.

Naomi looks around. No one but Ky will look at her. She stares down the barrel of his fury.

NAOMI

So we're not new besties. Fine. I'll just say this: help me do what I'm here to do, and I'll help you do what you're trying to do. Win win.

Scooter shakes his head.

SCOOTER

Doc, I don't think you understand what we've been trying to do.

NAOMI

It isn't complicated. Since last summer you've been trying -- and failing -- to find out what happened here. They've airdropped hazmat suits, portable de-con units, and even tried to give you basic lab training online, but between run-ins with the Zekes, tropical storms, power outages and -- you'll forgive my bluntness -- a basic lack of scientific knowledge, you haven't gotten very far.

Ky suddenly ERUPTS with laughter. Big belly laughs.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Am I missing something?

Ky's laughter turns to whoops. The other men look back and forth between him and Naomi, chewing their lips.

Ky's laughter finally subsides enough that he can speak.

KILLER KY

Scooter, recharge the golf cart. We're gonna need it. Giga, fire up a Ptera drone, fix Little Miss Genius' body cam and get eyes on her precious geek gear. Chunk, you're with me for

(MORE)

KILLER KY (CONT'D)
tactical. We'll meet in Giga's cave in
twenty.

He takes the stairs two at a time, his laughter bubbling up again as he leaves with Chunk.

Scooter gives Naomi a sympathetic look before he leaves too.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - SHORT TIME LATER

Giga is sitting in his "operator's perch" - a chair surrounded by a dozen various sized computer monitors.

While much more primitive than Hannah's setup in the studio, it is all the more impressive since it's obviously built from salvaged elements on the island.

Naomi stares at the floor, digesting something Giga just said. From the look on her face, it's a lot to swallow.

NAOMI
All of it?

GIGA
Every episode. Every scene.

NAOMI
But if that's true, then coming here--

GIGA
--is the dumbest thing you've ever done. But hey, don't feel bad. We've been fooling millions of viewers every week for almost a year.

He turns his attention fully to one of the MONITORS showing video feed of landscaped HEDGES. He ZOOMS IN with a remote.

GIGA (O.S.)
That's it, right?

A black bag STICKS OUT from the bottom of the bushes.

NAOMI
(a million miles away)
The son of a bitch lied to me.

GIGA
Pondrup? Welcome to the club.

She bites her lip. Looks at the image on the monitor.

NAOMI

Yeah. Yeah, that's it.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Pondrup watches buildings go by, placid and calm. On the limo's TV screen, a toothpaste commercial drones on.

Wilhelm fidgets beside him.

WILHELM

Walter, these class action suits
aren't going away, and yesterday--

PONDRUP

Shush.

He turns up the volume on the--

TV SCREEN

--where a NEWS ANCHOR is interviewing a hawk-like man (50s) who punctuates his statements with insistent thrusts of his index fingers, as if he's conducting a rebellious orchestra.

The lower third banner identifies the man as follows:

DR. IVAN STISSIK; W.H.O. Deputy Director -- General Emergency Preparedness and Response.

STISSIK

(filtered, on screen)

--situation calls for trained
scientists, not some billionaire
megalomaniac exploiting this tragedy
for personal gain.

PONDRUP (O.S.)

(to Wilhelm, re: Stissik)

I love this guy. He thinks I'm his
nemesis. I'm actually the reason he
gets out of bed every day.

NEWS ANCHOR

(filtered, on screen)

Let's say the U.S., China and Russia
decide to trust each other enough to
allow the U.N. to assemble such a team--

STISSIK

(filtered, on screen)

That's my point, Jake! They won't!
This lunatic has fanned the fire of
international suspicion from the
moment this tragedy struck--

NEWS ANCHOR

(filtered, on screen)

But most nations agree it would be
dangerous precedent to violate the
sovereignty of a privately-owned, man-
made island, built in international
waters--

STISSIK

(filtered, on screen)

Sovereignty - bah! The U.N. and W.H.O.
should take control--

NEWS ANCHOR

Member countries of the U.N. are all
providing ships to maintain the joint-
operation quarantine.

STISSIK

And you and I both heard the U.S.
Director of National Security say last
month that those ships spend more time
surveilling each other than anything
else. Walter Pondrup stokes that
suspicion, so he can--

WILHELM (O.S.)

Good lord, again?

Pondrup looks up from the screen.

WILHELM (CONT'D)

Don't these people have lives?

Through the windshield we see a THRONG OF PROTESTORS in front
of a HIGH RISE BUILDING, waving signs and shouting stuff like
"FREE EDEN," "LET THE DEAD REST."

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL SUITE - DAY

A TV shows news coverage of a similar protest.

SUPER: THREE DAYS EARLIER...

Naomi comes out of the bathroom in a robe, toweling her recently cut hair; she SIGHS when she sees the TV--

--and grabs the REMOTE CONTROL and turns it off.

CHELSEA (O.S.)

I still can't believe you're going.
This is so cool.

Naomi turns and looks at--

--Chelsea, cross-legged on the middle of a king-sized bed, dunking jumbo shrimp into a crystal bowl of cocktail sauce. A laptop is open on the bed beside her.

NAOMI

Cool? They're gonna drop me on an island I won't be able to leave until I decipher a virus no one's ever seen before.

CHELSEA

Yeah, but you're gonna be on zTv!

NAOMI

You're not even a little worried?

CHELSEA

You're a genius, mom. Besides, we've been hiding from mobsters who want to kill you for two years. I wore out my worry bone.

NAOMI

Is that shrimp?

CHELSEA

Oh yeah. Room service rocks.

Naomi looks at the laptop.

NAOMI

Did room service bring that too?

CHELSEA

Nah. The goon outside the door got it for me.

NAOMI

What?

She crosses to the door, opens it--

--revealing a Large Goon in a Suit and Dark Glasses, standing sentry in the hallway.

CHELSEA

Mom, relax! They disabled the webcam and the keyboard. I'm blocked from any email or messaging service. I'm just watching YouTube vids.

The Goon nods confirmation, and Naomi closes the door.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

I guess, since I'm the daughter of a genius, *they* don't assume I'm an idiot who can't be trusted.

Naomi joins her on the bed.

NAOMI

I don't think you're an idiot.

CHELSEA

Mmm. I'll tell you who is. Sasha.

NAOMI

Sasha - from school?

CHELSEA

You mean from the school I used to go to before we started our newest chapter of *What's My Name and Where Do I Live?* Yes, that Sasha. Jerkface Jeff Baron asked her out. And she said yes.

NAOMI

Wait - how do you know this?

CHELSEA

(nods at the laptop)

I can read message boards on some of the games I used to play. She posted last night.

Naomi spins the laptop around, looks at the screen. The entry portal for a popular MMORPG is visible.

NAOMI

You didn't post anything. Right?

CHELSEA

(to the ceiling)

Again, we're back to the Chelsea-is-an-idiot theory.

(to Naomi)

No, mom. Geez. I just pulled up her profile -- "SashaBeech," cute, get it? -- and read through her posts.

Naomi pokes around on the website, thinking.

NAOMI

Remember the guy who lived in the condo across from us in Chicago?

CHELSEA

The creepy one who slept on his balcony with the cats?

NAOMI

Yeah, him.

(she looks toward the door, drops her voice to a whisper)

While I'm gone, take a look every day if you can at the profile for--

(she thinks)

--"CreepyCatGuy." Check his status, his posts. Get it?

Chelsea nods.

CHELSEA

CreepyCatGuy. Got it.

END FLASHBACK

INT. GIGA'S PERCH - AS BEFORE

Giga brings more systems online.

NAOMI

So listen. Let's say I needed to get a message to someone--

Giga swivels around to face her, a BUTTERFLY KNIFE suddenly whirling in his hand.

GIGA

All comms through my setup are monitored by Hannah's team.

(motions with knife)

Come here.

She steps forward, tense, but he just uses the blade to POP OFF the housing of the busted shoulder cam from her harness. He starts replacing it.

GIGA (CONT'D)

Look, you're not a convict like the rest of us, so it might be hard to see things from our point of view. I'll break it down for you: a handful of convicted killers get the chance to live on a tropical island and star in a TV show, instead of rotting away in a concrete box. Weigh *that* against how much you miss your little boyfriend or whatever out there. Then decide if you want to be the one who screws it up for us.

NAOMI

Fair enough.

He finishes with the cam, turns back to his keyboard. In a few seconds one of the monitors is streaming vid from the new cam PIVOTING on her shoulder.

Ky, Scooter and Chunk come in. Chunk steps up alongside Giga, slaps him on the shoulder, and points at the monitor showing the black bag in the bushes.

CHUNK

(re: image on screen)

That's the target?

Giga nods, hits a few keys, and--

--ANOTHER MONITOR shows a wider shot of the tennis dome and surrounding area. He points at the bushes on one side.

GIGA

It's sitting right about here.

Chunk turns to Ky.

CHUNK

You were right, way too much open
(MORE)

CHUNK (CONT'D)
space for controlled choreography.

KILLER KY
I'm always right. So we use the mall.

CHUNK
(nods)
Let's do a basic dinner bell lure.
Maybe with a rooftop salvage? The
Hallway Herd's easiest to move.

KILLER KY
That'll do it.
(to Giga)
I want a status check on all drones
and stationary cams: rooftop, food
court, parking lot. We're back online
with Hannah in ten.
(to Scooter)
Take the new fish, get that gear.

SCOOTER
Copy that.

Naomi follows him out, puzzling over what she just heard.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

The door closes behind Pondrup and Wilhelm as they enter,
muffling the noise of the protestors outside.

WILHELM
We've already filed a counter-suit and
requested a change of venue. That'll
get denied as well, but I can have my
team draft an extensive *voir dire*.
That'll buy us -- maybe two weeks.

Pondrup stops. Smiles at Wilhelm.

PONDRUP
If all goes well, we'll only need a
few more days.

He notices an ATTRACTIVE SECURITY GUARD smiling at him from
her post by the front desk.

WILHELM (O.S.)
Walter, that's not a reasonable
expectation. We haven't even talked
(MORE)

WILHELM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 about the biggest threat to the show:
 these new ACLU filings. The evidence
 the Tribe was able to gather last
 month, showing these things have no
 heartbeat, that was pure genius. It
 bogged down every civil liberties
 lawsuit.

PONDRUP
 (smiles)
 Dead people don't have civil rights.
 Who'da thunk?

WILHELM
 But the *living* relatives -- many of
 them wealthy, powerful families -- and
their right to have their deceased
 loved ones' remains unmolested? That's
 not something we can easily brush
 aside.

He's interrupted by the POUNDING of a fist on thick plate
 glass and the sound of a MAN YELLING.

They turn and see ALEX PIPPET (40), a big blue-collar type in
 baggy sweats outside the plate glass window. His lips tremble
 beneath red-rimmed eyes.

PIPPET
 (muffled)
 She was fourteen!!!

He slams a PHOTOGRAPH OF A YOUNG GIRL in a soccer uniform
 against the glass.

PIPPET (CONT'D)
 FOURTEEN!

WILHELM
 Where the hell are the police?

He cranes his neck, trying to see past the lunatic--

--and yes, sure enough, TWO COPS, hands on their still-
 holstered sidearms, are coming up behind Pippet.

WILHELM (CONT'D)
 (re: the cops)
 Okay, good. Let's get upstairs--

Pondrup ignores him, taking a step closer to the glass.

PIPPET

WHY? WHY WOULD YOU SAY SHE ISN'T
HUMAN? WHY?? LOOK AT HER! AND LOOK AT
THIS, YOU SON OF A BITCH!!!

Pippet suddenly UNZIPS his sweat jacket, revealing HOMEMADE
EXPLOSIVES wrapped around his torso. He holds up the
DETONATOR -- stopping the cops in their tracks.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

The crowd is FLEEING, and others in the lobby are DUCKING FOR COVER--

--while Pondrup stares into Pippet's eyes, matching the deranged dad's fury with...what? Curiosity? Excitement?

PIPPET

I HELD HER, YOU BASTARD. SHE FIT IN MY
HAND WHEN SHE WAS BORN. SHE WAS
PERFECT.

The attractive Security Guard has come out from behind her desk and slowly approaches Pondrup.

Outside the cops continue to move in, flanking the deranged Pippet on either side.

Pippet is oblivious, eyes locked on Pondrup. Saliva specks the glass as his rage pours out through spittle and sobs.

PIPPET (CONT'D)

SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL. SHE WAS OURS. AND
YOU TOOK HER.

The attractive Security Guard reaches Pondrup.

SECURITY GUARD

(to Pondrup)

Sir? Just...stay calm...

Through the window we can see the cops have reached striking distance of Pippet--

--whose EYES are still locked on Pondrup's.

The cops LUNGE, grabbing the large man's arms and trying to pin them back, wrestling for the DETONATOR--

Wilhelm DUCKS BEHIND A POTTED PLANT--

--and the attractive Security Guard TACKLES PONDRUP to the floor--

--just as the deranged Pippet GETS THE DETONATOR AGAIN--

--and PRESSES THE BUTTON.

KA-BLAMMMMM!

The plate glass window BLOWS INWARD, showering the Security Guard and Pondrup with broken shards.

Wilhelm peeks out from behind the potted plant.

WILHELM

Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god.

WILHELM'S POV:

Bodies everywhere. People running. Smoke.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Hannah leans over the table-sized digital map, looks up at the flatscreen in the office showing the Tribe members, and speaks into her headset.

HANNAH

Alright, Ky. What've you got?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ky stands in front of a tourist map of the island, taped down on a table. Giga and Chunk flank him. All wear headsets.

Ky looks up at a wall-mounted CAMERA.

KY

We can pull off an action sequence of Scooter retrieving the gear bag from the rooftop of the Sunrise Mall, here. Your team can CGI the helicopter drop, make it look like the parachute caught a crosswind.

He puts his finger on one of the buildings--

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

--and Hannah touches the same building on her digital map, making a BLINKING YELLOW DOT appear in the same place.

KY

(filtered)

We get the Hallway Herd ready in the stairwell to the roof, do a quick establishing shot of the mall, then--

A female ASSOCIATE PRODUCER bursts in the door.

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
Hannah, I'm sorry, but you've gotta see this.

HANNAH
(whirling, enraged)
Do you SEE that I'm working here?

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
Yes, ma'am. But look.

She grabs a REMOTE CONTROL and points it at the flatscreen. The Tribe disappears as she brings up a local news broadcast. On the television, a PLUME OF SMOKE rising from the base of a high rise building.

HANNAH
Oh my god, is that--

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
Yes ma'am. Mr. Pondrup's building. The driver says Mr. Pondrup and Mr. Wilhelm entered just a minute before.

HANNAH
Son of a--
(she gathers herself)
Get a camera team there. Have them interview anyone they can. I'll try Walter on his cell.

The associate producer nods. Frozen.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Go!

She does. Hannah points the remote, brings the Tribe back up.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(into headset)
Ky, listen, we've got a situation here. I'm gonna...
(realizes the magnitude of what she's about to do)
...I'm gonna trust you with this. Get the sequence set up. I'll be back online as soon as possible.

KILLER KY
Copy that. We'll be ready.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

The FIRE SPRINKLERS are on, and the building alarm system is blaring. Pondrup and the Guard sit up and survey the carnage.

Bodies everywhere. People running. Screams. Smoke.

Pondrup LOOKS UP into the falling water, squinting through the dust and smoke, and sees SECURITY CAMERAS mounted in several places on the walls and ceiling.

He turns to look back outside again, and notices TRAFFIC and SIDEWALK CAMERAS on the poles outside.

Pondrup rolls over, looks at the Security Guard.

PONDRUP
Do you think I can get the video from
those cameras? *Just* me. Nobody else?

Off the Security Guard's perplexed LOOK--

EXT. A MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

A black SUV makes its way up a winding road as we hear the voice of GOON #1.

GOON #1
(O.S.)
She can take that off now.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Goon #2 reaches back--

--and helps CASSIE remove a blindfold. She blinks at the glare from sunlit snowcaps.

CASSIE
Wow.

Goon #1 smiles at her in the rearview mirror.

GOON #1
Check the seat beside you.

She does. A CELLPHONE sits there.

CASSIE

No way. Seriously? This is mine?

GOON #1

Absolutely. Same rules you had with Witness Protection. No selfies, no social media.

(he winks at her)

Gotta keep you safe. Rumor has it, you and your mom are kinda important to the big guy.

CASSIE

Understood.

The car stops. She looks out the window at--

--an amazing SKI CABIN. Skylights, wrap-around deck, giant windows affording majestic views.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Please tell me there's wifi.

GOON #1

(laughing, nods)

Welcome to the good life. Or at least a huge step in that direction.

He gives her a warm smile. Cassie smiles back, then wanders off to play with her new phone.

His smile fades as he watches her go.

EXT. GOLF COURSE

BINOCULAR POV: The TENNIS COURT BUBBLE.

Scooter lowers the binoculars and hands them to Naomi who takes a look while he pulls out a DIGITAL TABLET. He double-taps an APP ICON on the tablet called "Round Up."

Naomi lowers the binoculars and leans over to watch.

A MAP appears on the tablet, showing the golf course, tennis bubble...several GREEN dots, and multiple RED BLINKING DOTS.

NAOMI

The red dots -- Zekes?

SCOOTER

Yep. This herd is all tagged now.

(MORE)

SCOOTER (CONT'D)
Didn't you watch Episode 3? "Roundup"
they called it. Real original.

He taps, swipes, magnifies...

SCOOTER (CONT'D)
Hannah's team wrote the base code. But
Giga thought it up and got it to work
on our tablets.

NAOMI
What are the green dots?

SCOOTER
Air horns placed around the island
that we can control through the app.
We call them "Come Hithers." They come
in handy. Watch.

He DOUBLE-TAPS a GREEN DOT--

WHONNNK! An AIR HORN goes off near the far entrance of the
tennis bubble--

SCOOTER (CONT'D)
Bingo!

ON THE TABLET: the RED BLINKING DOTS start moving toward the
green dot he just tapped.

Scooter looks up and POINTS--

--at several ZEKES lurching out from the bushes and moving in
the direction of the air horn.

SCOOTER (CONT'D)
Now to open the doors...

He taps the tablet again and Naomi raises the binoculars--

BINOCULAR POV: The electric doors OPEN at one end of the
bubble as the Zekes begin to arrive--

SCOOTER (O.S)
--and bring them back inside.

--just as another AIR HORN sounds, this one muffled since
it's inside the air bubble. It keeps SOUNDING as the Zekes
shuffle inside and the door closes behind them.

SCOOTER
Let's go get your gear.

They drive off.

EXT. BUSHES NEAR TENNIS BUBBLE

The WHEELS of the golf cart skid to a stop beside--

--the BLACK BAG on the ground near a bush. Naomi and Scooter start to untangle the chute from the branches.

NAOMI
"Back inside."

SCOOTER
What?

NAOMI
The Zekes. You said we had to get them
'back inside' the bubble.

SCOOTER
Sure. It's where we keep this bunch.
They're pretty territorial, so they
never wander too--

NAOMI
(explodes)
You set them loose? When I was getting
dropped off?

SCOOTER
Hey! It's called 'atmosphere.' You
know, like background extras? We were
all set. You were the one who landed
half a mile from the drop zone,
ringing a goddamn dinner bell!

NAOMI
(digesting)
Giga wasn't kidding. It *is* all a show.

SCOOTER
Not entirely - those things are real
as shit. And things still go wrong,
even with all the controls we have in
place. Like...Curtis.

NAOMI
The Tribe member you lost in Episode
(MORE)

NAOMI (CONT'D)

#4.

SCOOTER

Look, Curtis didn't do what he was supposed to, so...just don't be Curtis, okay? Pay attention, do things the way we do them, you'll be fine.

NAOMI

'Don't be Curtis.'

SCOOTER

Damn straight.

INT. PONDRUP'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

The ATTRACTIVE SECURITY GUARD is sitting on the edge of the bed, remote control in her hand.

Beside her, Pondrup starts to kiss her neck, but she's distracted by the TV--

--where a pre-recorded interview of Pondrup by a NEWS SHOW HOST is playing.

ON SCREEN:

PONDRUP

You say I'm exploiting tragedy.
'Selling carnage.'

NEWS SHOW HOST

Well, aren't you?

PONDRUP

One hundred and seventy-five million people tuned in for our most recent episode. Why?

NEWS SHOW HOST

Nice pivot. This is where I'm supposed to admit the human condition is depraved, and it's our own fault--

PONDRUP

No! I'm not talking about our worst. I'm talking about our *best*. For the first time since the moon landing we've got a new frontier before us. ZTV is the digital equivalent of the

(MORE)

PONDRUP (CONT'D)

Santa Maria. The covered wagon. The Apollo spacecraft! What was it Tennyson said? 'My purpose holds to sail--"

Pondrup's PHONE rings. He answers, listens to Hannah's excited voice: *What the hell is happening?!*

PONDRUP (CONT'D)

Hannah, I'm fine! Just another kook. Tell marketing to look for the security cam footage I sent over. Get clips up on Facebook, Twitter, IG. I'll buy you a new big screen if it isn't trending by dinner.

HANNAH

(filtered)

Okay. Oh, and by the way, it looks like we'll have your season finale in the can tonight.

PONDRUP

Of course you will. How's our girl?

HANNAH

(filtered)

You mean other than being on a zombie infested island? She's great.

PONDRUP

Good. Listen, you pulled me out of a meeting with building security. We'll talk later.

He hangs up.

SECURITY GUARD

What's it like to have everyone always mad at you?

PONDRUP

You don't seem to be.

He picks up the remote and TURNS OFF the TV. As the screen goes dark he's able to see in the reflection that SOMEONE is standing behind him. He WHIRLS--

--and sees a GREY HAIRED MAN in an expensive Italian suit leaning against the wall, cutting sections of an apple with a

very sharp, slender knife.

GREY HAIRE D MAN
Hello Walter. Our friend in Chicago
asked me to come by.

Pondrup motions with his head for the Security Guard to go
into the bathroom. As soon as she's gone--

PONDRUP
How'd you get in here?

GREY HAIRE D MAN
Oh, a few of our boys -- it's not
important which ones -- have been on
your security team for a while now.
It's the best way to make sure
everyone is, you know, *safe*.

Pondrup nods.

GREY HAIRE D MAN (CONT'D)
Our mutual friend is expecting a full
accounting is made by the appropriate
party.

PONDRUP
She just arrived.

GREY HAIRE D MAN
Yes. And needs only a few days to
provide you with the data you need,
no? Your words, I recall: "a few
days." That is why your plan to put
her someplace quite out of reach was
allowed by our mutual friend. Well,
that, and the promise of an HD quality
recording of that final "accounting" I
mentioned. Those terms -- you will
meet them.

PONDRUP
Yes.

GREY HAIRE D MAN
And the daughter.

PONDRUP
Ready for our friend upon request. You
have the location.

GREY HAired MAN

Wonderful! You will have your data and
your show will continue as long as you
meet the terms of your agreement --
and our friend will have a far more
seriously debt paid in full.

He stands, picks up his hat.

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Hannah is on her digital throne, the studio buzzing with
activity.

HANNAH

Time to roll, kiddies!
(puts on her headset)
Giga, you up?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EDEN ISLAND

Giga is in the saddle of his perch.

GIGA

Yes ma'am!

HANNAH

(filtered)
Cam status?

He scans the monitors that surround him: Several are newly
hand-labeled with strips of masking tape that say things like
"MALL ROOF" "FOODCOURT" and "FIRETRUCK DASH," while others
assigned to body cams and drones have more permanent looking
labels (e.g. "KY," "SCOOTER" etc.)

GIGA

Stationary units, vehicle cams and
body cams are all up. Drones are
charged and coming up now.

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Hannah smiles.

HANNAH

I love when a man anticipates my
needs.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EDEN ISLAND

Giga grins, hits a few keystrokes and--

--the one labeled "FIRETRUCK DASH" gives us a view of Ky, Scooter, Chunk and Naomi as they pass in front of the vehicle, lugging bags and equipment.

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Hannah hits a control on her throne, and the giant screen on the wall turns into a multi-screen grid, showing everything Giga is seeing - and then some.

A few screens are dark. She frowns, punches buttons.

HANNAH

What's wrong with interior cams in north corridor?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Giga scowls, gives a DARK MONITOR a rap with his knuckles, hits a few keys. Nothing.

GIGA

Must've been the storm. We can send a drone in--

HANNAH

(filtered)

Not worth it. Just give me multiple angles on the roof.

GIGA

Copy that.

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - DAY

Hannah's is glued to the multi-screen monolith.

HANNAH

How we doing inside?

INT. SHOPPING MALL - MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

Ky ROLLS into view on a security guard SEGWAY, dressed in some DESIGNER-QUALITY OUTDOOR GEAR.

KY
(into his headset)
I'll let you know when I've got the
Herd in the stairwell.

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - DAY

Hannah magnifies the feed of Ky rolling along.

HANNAH
Wait a second...

She toggles a control--

--and the feed ZOOMS IN on the LOGO on Ky's jacket.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Ky, is that a GitSome jacket?

ON SCREEN: Ky flicks the collar and winks.

KY
(filtered, on screen)
Pretty sweet, right?

HANNAH
We said Summit, Ky. *Summit is
sponsoring this week.*

INT. SHOPPING MALL - MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

Ky rolls to a stop.

KY
Dammit.

HANNAH
(filtered, via headset)
You'll have to change. The Summit
store is located...hold on...

She brings up a directory of the mall--

INT. FIRE ENGINE - DAY

Chunk, Naomi and Scooter are watching Ky on a PINK TABLET.

HANNAH
(filtered)
...level two, north corridor.

Naomi sees Chunk and Scooter exchange a LOOK.

NAOMI

What's wrong?

SCOOTER

(low, as he covers headset mic)
North corridor. We never swept it. Too
many fast, young Zekes. Just
barricaded the hell out of it.

CHUNK

(same)

Hannah doesn't know that. Ky does.

NAOMI

(follows their lead with mic)
He's going up there just for a
different shirt? That's insane!

CHUNK

No, that's product placement.
(into headset)
Uh, Ky, we're parked near the north
entrance. Scooter or I could--

KY

(filtered, via headset)
No, we're losing daylight. Just get
Scooter and the bag up to the roof.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

Ky parks the Segway at the base of a dead escalator.

KY

(into headset mic)
Should only take ten minutes.

He runs up the escalator.

INT. FIRE ENGINE - DAY

Chunk shakes his head, looks at Scooter.

CHUNK

Okay, let's do as the man says.
(into headset)
Boss Lady, Giga, can you confirm
eyeballs?

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - DAY

The multiscreen shifts to multiple drone views of the mall roof and the surrounding area.

HANNAH

(into headset)

Production area looks clear from up here.

CHUNK

(filtered)

Copy that. I've got Giga's tablet with override authority on all doors. Keep me posted.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - NORTH CORRIDOR

Ky approaches a BARRICADE to this part of the mall: upended kiosks, trash cans, potted plants, bike racks, etc.

He PEERS THROUGH it down the dark corridor. Then he starts moving a trash can as softly as he can.

KY

(softly, into headset)

Giga, how big was the North Corridor herd?

GIGA

(filtered, via headset)

Never got a headcount. Twenty-five, maybe thirty. Mostly teens.

Ky moves one end of a bike rack, then slips through the hole he's made in the barricade. He jogs to a vantage point--

KY'S POV:

Several teenage ZEKES stand dormant just outside the entrance to a SUMMIT clothing store.

KY

Dammit.

INT. GIGA'S PERCH - AS BEFORE

Ky's shoulder cams are displayed on a monitor.

GIGA

I'll trip a fire alarm. Hold on.

A moment later a FIRE ALARM rings, ECHOING down the empty corridor, and sure enough, the cluster of teen Zekes outside the Summit store are joined by SEVERAL MORE emerging from other stores. They start moving toward the noise. Away.

EXT. MALL ROOFTOP - DAY

The GEAR BAG and parachute are placed on the rooftop. Scooter squats beside them and looks toward the windowless STAIRWELL DOOR in what's called a "doghouse" rooftop entry, then toward the LADDER jutting up above the knee-high parapet. He's judging distances.

SCOOTER
(into headset)
How's it look?

HANNAH
(filtered, via headset)
That'll do. We're using a long lens
from the opposite roof. It'll look
like they're right on you.

INT. MALL - NORTH CORRIDOR

A clothing label for "SUMMIT" apparel is clearly visible on Ky's jacket as he hastily climbs back through the hole in the barricade. The massive pile SHIFTS a bit as he does.

KY
(into headset)
Wardrobe adjusted. Heading to the
Hallway Herd now.

He runs off.

Behind him, the chain and padlock lay on the floor, unsecured.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. MALL SERVICE HALLWAY - DAY

Ky's FACE peers in through a small window, looking in to the service hallway--

--where the HALLWAY HERD is standing, largely still except for a gentle SWAYING they do when dormant.

KY
(whispers into headset)
In position.

INT. PRODUCTION HUB

Hannah frowns at something.

HANNAH
(into headset)
Hold on, Ky. Giga, what's that on
monitor six? See it? Lower left?

Monitor six is the long lens shot of Scooter from the opposite roof. There's a blur in the lower left foreground.

GIGA
(filtered, via headset)
Top of the fire engine's ladder, I
think.

HANNAH
(into headset)
Chunk, back up about two feet.

INT. FIRE ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Chunk shifts into reverse--

CHUNK
(into headset)
Copy that.

--and the truck's backup alert starts to BEEP BEEP BEEP.

INT. NORTH CORRIDOR NEAR SUMMIT STORE

Several teen zekes PERK UP at the distant beeping sound and start to MOVE in that direction.

INT. PRODUCTION HUB

The multi-screen displays a dozen different feeds. Hannah nods at Linda, who turns to her floor crew.

LINDA
Okay! Roll cameras.

Several voices confirm: "Drones - camera speed," "Body cams - camera speed," etc.

HANNAH
(into headset)
Ky, you good to go?

INT. MALL SERVICE STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Ky, halfway up the flight, TAPS his tablet screen--

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

--and the lock on the doorway to the Hallway Herd CLICKS OPEN. Two of the closest Zekes TURN at the slight sound.

INT. MALL SERVICE STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Ky removes a HANDHELD AIR HORN from his pocket.

KY
(into headset)
Here we come!

He BLOWS THE AIR HORN--

INT. ACCESS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

--and the Hallway Herd MOVES toward the sound--

INT. ACCESS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

--pushing the now-unlatched door OPEN and moving into the service hallway.

From above, Ky hits the HORN once more for good measure before continuing up the stairwell.

The Herd FOLLOWS, picking up speed.

INT. GIGA'S PERCH - CONTINUOUS

Giga watches the HERD starting up the stairs.

GIGA
(into headset)
Okay, Scooter. Herd's on the way.

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Hannah watches the monitors--

--where we see Ky emerge onto the roof from the stairwell. He gives Scooter a THUMBS UP and ducks behind the stairway enclosure.

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Hannah leans forward, eyes dancing with reflected light from the multiscreen. This is her calling; her art.

The Hallway Herd reaches the landing and moves toward the rooftop door.

HANNAH
And...action!

EXT. MALL ROOFTOP - DAY

A DRONE hovers nearby, recording Scooter as he squats by the bag and CUTS the parachute lines--

--just as the ROOFTOP DOOR OPENS, the ZEKES begin pouring out, IMMEDIATELY SPOTTING Scooter--

--who TURNS and RUNS toward the ladder.

The ZEKES PURSUE.

Ky, hides behind the entranceway, counting as they emerge--

KY
---twelve, thirteen...fourteen!

He ducks back in the door, unnoticed by the Zekes who are all FOCUSED ON SCOOTER, who is climbing over the parapet onto the ladder.

INT. FIRE ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Naomi is watching feed on Chunk's tablet, but MOVEMENT in the DRIVER'S SIDE MIRROR catches her eye.

NAOMI
(to Chunk)
Hey...did you see that?

Chunk thinks she's talking about Scooter.

CHUNK
Yeah, baby, our boy is quick!

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - GROUND LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

One of the TEEN ZEKES is approaching the rear of the truck on the passenger side.

INT. FIRE ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Chunk looks up from the tablet and sees in the PASSENGER SIDE MIRROR--

--the Teen Zeke now CLIMBING onto the truck!

CHUNK
Oh shit!

He jumps out the driver's door, runs around the front of the truck, pausing by the passenger side window--

CHUNK (CONT'D)
(to Naomi)
Stay there!

--before continuing toward the rear of the truck.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Ky reaches the bottom of the stairs, pauses to listen to the chatter coming through his headset.

GIGA
(filtered, via headset)
--just one I think. The truck must
have tripped the doors when it backed
up. I can lock them remotely.

KY
(into headset)
Whoa, not yet! I'm still in here!

He TAKES OFF toward the entrance.

EXT. REAR OF FIRE ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

The Teen Zeke starts up the ladder. Scooter is looking up at the Zekes above him and doesn't notice.

Chunk climbs up on the truck and starts following the Teen Zeke up the ladder.

CHUNK

SCOOT!

Scooter LOOKS DOWN and sees the Teen Zeke slowly clambering up toward him. Then he LOOKS BACK UP--

--at the ROOFTOP ZEKES who have reached the edge. Several of them start CLIMBING OVER the parapet, REACHING for the top of the ladder.

Scooter and Chunk share a look: Oh shit.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

On the screen, Scooter and Chunk's situation is dire.
The crew's strained and panicked faces turn up toward--
--HANNAH, who doesn't flinch.

HANNAH

Season finale, people. Keep rolling.
Drones, get closer to that ladder.
(into headset)
Ky, how're we doing?

INT. MALL - NEAR MAIN DOORS

Ky is SWINGING a plastic chair at a mall Zeke as TWO MORE advance from behind.

KY

(fighting)
I'm at the entrance but I'm...
still...chatting...with a shopper!

The mall Zeke FALLS from the blow--

EXT. LADDER - CONTINUOUS

A DRONE CAM floats into position a few feet from Scooter as he LOOKS DOWN--

--toward the single ZEKE below him. The odds look better there, especially since Chunk is coming up behind the ascending Zeke.

Chunk GRABS the Zeke's leg. He YANKS--

--and the Zeke FALLS TO THE GROUND, stunned for a moment, as another DRONE CAM hovers nearby, getting footage.

Chunk SMILES up at Scooter, but doesn't get a smile back. Scooter is POINTING at--

--TWO MORE TEEN ZEKES clambering onto the back of the truck, moving toward the ladder. Now Chunk is trapped too.

INT. FIRE ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Naomi is straining to see what's happening through the

passenger window.

She SCRAMBLES to the driver's seat, noticing Chunk's TABLET displaying several camera angles on the situation outside.

NAOMI

Dammit.

She gets out, RUNNING toward the rear of the truck.

EXT. ON THE LADDER - CONTINUOUS

Chunk, halfway up the ladder now, KICKS at the two Zekes coming up from below as they try to GRAB his feet--

--while a ZEKE from the rooftop, coming down the ladder head first, loses its grip and FALLS.

Scooter SEES IT COMING and DUCKS. It lands on Chunk, KNOCKING HIM OFF THE LADDER.

Chunk LANDS on the ground, STUNNED, near the Zeke he pulled off the ladder a minute before. The fallen Zeke begins to crawl toward Chunk's still form.

Back on the ladder, Scooter KICKS and PUNCHES, barely avoiding the lunging, gnashing MOUTHS of the three Zekes--

--while on the ground the crawling Zeke has REACHED the unconscious Chunk. It's MOUTH opens, inches from his face, when--

--a POWERFUL STREAM OF WATER knocks it back--

--and a moment later the stream of water KNOCKS OFF the Zekes climbing the ladder just as they're about to finish off Scooter. He LOOKS UP and sees--

NAOMI, standing near the firetruck, the still-surgling end of a FIRE HOSE changing aim again to drive back the group of Zekes now on the ground.

Scooter swings off the side of the ladder--

--and LANDS next to Chunk who is just starting to come around. Scooter helps him up.

EXT. MALL - MAIN ENTRANCE

Ky races outside--

KY
(into headset)
Giga, DOORS!

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Giga punches keys quickly--

GIGA
I'm on it!

EXT. MALL - MAIN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The doors start to close but NOT FAST ENOUGH -- the two ZEKES, side-by-side, are going to make it out.

Ky notices, runs back toward them and LEAPS, planting a boot in each of their CHESTS, knocking them BACK IN--

--then SCRAMBLES back outside just as the doors CLOSE--

EXT. MALL - NEAR FIRETRUCK - CONTINUOUS

--and races over to NAOMI, taking the fire hose.

KY
Everybody in the truck. Now!

He aims the water stream--

--at the already-soaked Zekes, DRIVING THEM BACK again as Scooter and Naomi HELP Chunk get into the truck. Naomi stops just before boarding and picks up something from the ground.

It's a severed green finger.

KY (CONT'D)
Looks like you got your specimen,
Little Miss Genius!

He BLASTS the Zekes one last time before he jumps in too, and they DRIVE OFF.

INT. PRODUCTION HUB

The production crew members are glued to the screen, still digesting what they just saw. A few turn to look at Hannah--

--whose eyes are GLEAMING.

HANNAH

Somebody tell me we got Every. Single.
Frame.

From the crew below, a chorus of "yes ma'ams" and "oh yeah" and "framed and focused" rises.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Hot damn...

INT. BALCONY OVERLOOKING EDEN ISLAND - SUNSET

If we've still held any doubts regarding why this place is called Eden, we can chuck those doubts right off this balcony. If eyeballs could have orgasms, the sunset right now would be the ultimate lover.

Naomi looks around in awe.

NAOMI

So this is Elysium.

She turns to look back into an enormous "great room" that sports an open fireplace, crystal chandeliers and Persian rugs.

Chunk reclines on a sofa, getting a gash in his shoulder stitched by Scooter.

CHUNK

Yep. Pondrup's private residence here
on the island. Not bad, huh?

Giga is parked on another sofa, reviewing footage on a HUGE PLASMA TV from the afternoon's sequence.

GIGA

He's not able to enjoy it at the
moment, so we're granted access for
periods of time -- usually after
another amazing episode is in the can.

(he replays a clip of NAOMI with
the firehose)

Boys, I think her action figure may
outsell all of ours together!

Naomi approaches the gurney, notices a TATTOO on Scooter's arm: a U.S.M.C emblem with "Semper Fi" above and "Desert Storm" below.

NAOMI

You served?

SCOOTER

Two tours. Explosives engineer for the 44th. IED hunting, mostly.

(beat)

I think I might've seen you in Fallujah in '03. Our convoy got held up for you and those other U.N. eggheads trying to find WMDs.

NAOMI

We didn't find what we were looking for.

GIGA

What about this time? Think you'll find what you're looking for?

She holds up a ZIPLOCK BAG holding the severed green finger.

NAOMI

I guess it's time to find out.

INT. ELYSIUM BASEMENT - MEDICAL UNIT

An out-of-focus view of a microscope slide is ADJUSTED to show the long, looping TENDRILS extending from a spherical shape covered with tiny BUMPS. This is the VIRUS, magnified thousands of times.

Nearby, a THERMAL CYCLER is spinning beside a rack of test tubes with suspensions dyed different colors.

Naomi RAISES HER HEAD from the eyepiece--

--as Giga rolls in a PORTABLE COMPUTER WORKSTATION and parks it nearby.

GIGA

How goes it?

NAOMI

Almost done. This place is pretty amazing.

GIGA

Yeah, leave it to a billionaire to have a private medical unit in the basement of his fancy digs. There's
(MORE)

GIGA (CONT'D)

even a surgical suite. Speaking of which, Mr. Silk Shorts is waiting to hear from you. Just click the vid-chat icon on the screen and you should see his mug.

(a beat)

So. Did you find what he sent you here to find?

NAOMI

He should be completely satisfied.

GIGA

Ooh, better watch out for that. Completely satisfied customers stop shopping, right? Might want to keep him hungry a bit.

He bends over and pulls out a second laptop from the cart.

GIGA (CONT'D)

Now this little baby is set up with a DNS secured channel with 32-bit encryption. It's got an Apache configuration to scramble keystroke imaging too, in case any wannabes are skimming during transmit. You picking up what I'm putting down?

NAOMI

I think so. But wait...even if no one can understand what's sent, won't they still know something was sent if it comes from here?

GIGA

Only if it's sent through the studio satellites. But not transmissions that use the personal satellite that Walter Pondrup launched in orbit over this island when he was building it -- and has never been used since, and apparently has been forgotten.

NAOMI

Those rich guys. Always forgetting where they left their toys.

GIGA

Yep. I'm much more careful. This baby?

(MORE)

GIGA (CONT'D)
It's always in the same place. Right
down here on this shelf.

NAOMI
Got it.

He starts to leave. Stops. Turns.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
What?

GIGA
Just thinking. This place is called
Eden, right? And here I am breaking
the biggest rule we've got. For a
girl. It's kinda, you know...biblical!

NAOMI
So why do it?

GIGA
You're one of us now, sister. And
besides, you, uh...you saved Chunk.

He doesn't mention Scooter. Just Chunk.

It takes her a moment, but she gets it. Yes, even here, there
is love.

NAOMI
Chunk. You and...
(she smiles)
It was my pleasure, Giga.

She watches him go. Then takes out the second laptop.

A few quick keystrokes.

The ENTRY PORTAL of the online game she looked at with Carrie
comes up.

She clicks on CREATE PROFILE and a moment later is typing in
"CREEPYCATGUY."

INT. PONDRUP'S BEDROOM

Pondrup is pouring himself a drink and watching an
ANCHORWOMAN recapping the coverage of Alex Pippet, the
suicide bomber.

ANCHORWOMAN

--in the aftermath of a blast that killed nine, including two NYPD officers and Pippet himself, and injured more than thirty, scrutiny has fallen on this particular moment--

They cut to footage of Pippet screaming--

PIPPET

--WHY? WHY WOULD YOU SAY SHE'S NOT HUMAN? WHY?--

--and a SCREENSHOT of Pippet's tortured face retreats to a corner of the screen, as the anchorwoman turns to her guest in the studio, a SLICK LAWYER.

ANCHORWOMAN

(to the Slick Lawyer)

Clearly, this man isn't just upset about the loss of his daughter. He seems more upset about the speculation that abounds lately regarding what many believe is Pondrup's latest strategy to keep his vile -- but incredibly popular -- show on the air.

SLICK LAWYER

That's absolutely right. A few months back, Pondrup's legal team managed to convince the highest court in the land that the 678 people struck by what's popularly known as Eden Fever are no longer medically "alive," and any lawsuits regarding their civil rights are void.

ANCHORWOMAN

And now you believe that he's switched to a different strategy.

SLICK LAWYER

Absolutely. Look, we know from the show's promos and teasers that the newest Tribe member is a research scientist with expertise in genetic virology--

The broadcast is interrupted by an on-screen notification of an INCOMING VIDEO CALL.

Pondrup answers, and a moment later NAOMI'S FACE fills the screen.

PONDRUP

And there she is! Tell me you've got good news.

She nods.

INT. ELYSIUM ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Ky is dozing in a hammock, listening to classic rock on his tablet.

The music is interrupted by a single digital CHIRP. Ky grabs the tablet.

KY

Yeah?

Pondrup's face is on screen.

PONDRUP

I have what I need. Please proceed as we agreed.

KY

With pleasure. And when you share the footage with our friends in Chicago, be sure to tell him who handled production.

He hangs up.

INT. ELYSIUM - GREAT ROOM

Scooter comes in with a huge BOWL OF POPCORN. Chunk and Naomi are on a couch, watching footage that Giga streams for them from the laptop on the portable workstation.

SCOOTER

Hey, play some of my shit, will ya?

Ky comes in, donning his body harness and carrying another.

KY

We still need to round up loose Zekes and secure North Corridor.

GIGA

I did a remote round up of the ones
(MORE)

GIGA (CONT'D)
that got loose outside using the Come
Hithers. They're back inside or on the
roof. Can't it wait?

KY
North Corridor has waited. That's why
we had a shitstorm today. But don't
worry, boys. I'm just gonna take the
New Fish. The two of us can handle it.

He holds out the harness to Naomi.

GIGA
(starts to get up)
Drop me at my cave, I'll fire up the
monitors and watch your backs.

KY
No need.
(to Naomi)
We'll watch each other's backs, right?
(she nods)
Out front. Two minutes.

He leaves. She slides into the harness and starts buckling.

SCOOTER
Hey.
(she turns)
Don't be Curtis.

Chunk and Giga nod their agreement. Naomi gives a tight smile
and heads out, and the guys turn back to the TV.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

All is quiet and still, until the sound of the APPROACHING
CART draws a few Zekes to the edge of the roof.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - NORTH CORRIDOR

The Summit logo hanging over the store doorway. A few teen
Zekes lurking nearby PERK UP at the sound of--

EXT. EDEN SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

--the caged GOLF CART pulling up outside. Naomi looks at the
Zekes on the roof, then at Ky.

He hands her an AIR HORN and grabs his BLACK TABLET.

KY

Just do what I say, when I say it.
Roundups are pretty easy.

INT. PONDRUP'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The SCREEN on Pondrup's TV chirps with an incoming call notification.

Pondrup, looking out over the skyline, turns and answers.

The face of DR. STISSIK appears.

PONDRUP

Dr. Stissik! What brings you to call
me so late?

STISSIK

(on screen)

Some very interesting information I
just received. Via encrypted
transmission. From Eden Island.

PONDRUP

What?

INT. ELYSIUM - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Giga and Chunk are laughing at some footage.

Scooter is distracted.

SCOOTER

Hey Gig, can we check on them with
your tablet?

Gig nods, eyes still on the screen.

GIGA

Sure. It's there on the counter.

Scooter gets up. Looks.

SCOOTER

No, it ain't.

Giga and Chunk both look at each other. Then at Scooter.

INT. MALL - NORTH CORRIDOR

The WHONK of an air horn lures A SIZABLE GROUP OF ZEKES into

a shoe store across from the Summit Store.

INT. SHOE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Ky gives a final WHONK, making sure the group is closing on him, before he slips out the rear employee entrance--

--and watches through the door from the service hallway as the SECURITY GATE comes down at the front of the store behind the now-trapped Zekes. As soon as it's down, Naomi appears on the other side of it, waving.

KY

Atta girl.

INT. MALL - NORTH CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Ky comes around a corner and meets up with Naomi, who is holding his black tablet. He takes it from her.

KY

Simple, right? The service hallways behind the stores make it easy to lure and secure. Just one more group and we're done.

INT. ELYSIUM - GREAT ROOM

Giga is pecking at the laptop keyboard, a grim look on his face.

GIGA

Ky's not answering, and the mall feeds are all reading black.

CHUNK

Should we go?

SCOOTER

They took the cart. It'd take us twenty minutes. By then...

INT. PONDRUP'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Stissik's face fills the TV screen. Pondrup sits on the bed.

PONDRUP

So you're willing to publicly affirm--

STISSIK

Yes, if you'll grant me continuing
(MORE)

STISSIK (CONT'D)
access to Dr. Martinez' data, I will indeed. But I disagree with your assessment of the pharmaceutical patents. They won't be worth millions. They'll be worth *billions*.

PONDRUP
'Continuing access?' But you said she already sent you everything.

STISSIK
Everything so far. We've only gotten a glimpse into this world. She'll need more samples, additional equipment. May I suggest you discuss increased security for her with this "Ky" person? He's the leader there, I understand. If anything happens to her...

Pondrup blinks.

PONDRUP
Of course.

INT. ACCESS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Naomi and Ky enter the access hallway from the rear service hallway. He hands her the airhorn.

KY
Take a look out the window of the far door and make sure our exit path is clear. Then we'll bring down the rest of the herd from the roof.

She heads toward the far door and as she does, he slips back into the service hallway--

--and LOCKS HER IN, using his tablet to secure both doors at the same time.

Naomi TURNS at the sound, and sees Ky's face, triumphant, in the small window of the far door.

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - NIGHT

The place is dark except for the winking lights of computer consoles, and a few small desk lamps.

We don't hear anything either...except for some RHYTHMIC BREATHING that seems to be growing in intensity. But the source of the sound isn't coming from the main floor--

--or from the CONTROL CHAIR above--

--and a quick peek through the window into the PRODUCTION OFFICE rules that out as well, although the breathing does seem LOUDER and FASTER now, until--

--a CELL PHONE RINGS--

--and Hannah POPS UP into our field of vision, her button-down blouse open beneath a mane of wild, loose hair.

She looks at her PHONE--

INCOMING CALL: PONDRUP

--and answers, trying not to sound breathless.

HANNAH

This is Hannah.

She raises a finger to her lips to silence--

--Burrito Boy, lying naked on the floor beneath her.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Can I get to the studio? Now?

Burrito Boy stifles a giggle. She whacks him on the shoulder.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Yes sir, I'll...umm...probably beat you there.

She hangs up and PUMMELS Burrito Boy, who is now CRACKING UP.

INT. ACCESS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Naomi presses her face against the small window.

NAOMI

Ky, listen to me! I've got a way we can turn the tables on Pondrup--

He shakes his head.

KY

You're kind of missing the point. I
(MORE)

KY (CONT'D)

like it here. Sure, we have to jump through a few hoops, but the perks--

NAOMI

Is it a sibling? A parent? He's got a hook in everyone.

KY

Shh. I know, it's a bit lonely in there. But you'll have some company soon.

He trots down the service hallway and disappears around a corner.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. SUMMIT CLOTHING STORE - CONTINUOUS

Ky comes out of the back room and heads toward the front of the store, tapping on his tablet to raise the gate.

It doesn't move. He reaches it, taps his tablet again--

KY

Shit.

--even rattles the gate by hand for a second, stirring up the Zekes across the way with the noise. Finally he gives up and heads back to the rear of the store to find another way out.

He reaches the door. It's LOCKED too. What the hell?

And suddenly NAOMI'S FACE is in the little window.

NAOMI

Hey Curtis!

KY

You're hilarious.

NAOMI

No, I'm totally serious. Scooter told me Curtis didn't think, so he got caught with his pants down.

She holds up Giga's PINK TABLET so he can see it through the glass.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Override authority. Pretty sweet.
Thank God I have a teenage daughter.
She taught me how these things work,
although this has some apps I don't
think she'd recognize. Like this one--

She TAPS and a low RUMBLING can be heard--

INT. MALL - CONTINUOUS

--as the SECURITY GATE for the store across the way opens and the ZEKES begin to pour out.

INT. SUMMIT CLOTHING STORE - CONTINUOUS

Ky bangs on the door with a fist.

KY
Open the door, Naomi. NOW!

INT. MALL - CONTINUOUS

The noise gets the Zekes' attention; they move toward the Summit store, begin pressing on the gate.

INT. SUMMIT CLOTHING STORE - CONTINUOUS

Naomi sees the Zekes and smiles at Ky.

NAOMI
Well look at you, acting like a "come hither!" Let's see what else we have here.

She taps the tablet screen again--

--and the Summit Store GATE begins to RISE.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Oops!

She taps again quickly and the gate STOPS, not quite a foot above the floor. A few Zekes start trying to squeeze under.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Don't want to hit that one just yet!
Let's chat a bit first.

KY
Go to hell.

NAOMI
Hell? I'm on an island surrounded by mutant zombies. My only human companions are killers. I trusted a black-hearted bastard with my daughter's life. So I think I'm already there. But here's a news flash, Ky. I'm not the enemy. We both know who is. So as much as I'd really like to kill you -- and I mean, like, I'd really like to at the moment -- part of me thinks there's another way. There's just one problem: to do what I'm planning, we'd really need to trust each other. All of us.

Ky looks over his shoulder. One of the Zekes has squirmed his

head and shoulders into the store.

KY

Yeah, that's a bit of a problem.

NAOMI

Yep. So I don't have any choice.

Ky looks again. Several more Zekes are squirming under, and the first one is almost all the way through.

KY

Well stop screwing around and get it over with.

NAOMI

Okay.

She TAPS again--

--and the door between them UNLOCKS.

He looks down at the sound, then back at her.

She swings it open.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

A stufforn bastard like you would never trust somebody else first.

He steps through the door.

KY

You're crazy. What's stopping me from killing you right now?

NAOMI

Don't worry. I promise you'll get to watch me die a horrible death. C'mon.

She heads down the service hallway. Puzzled but intrigued, he follows.

EXT. AMAZING SKI CABIN - NIGHT

A BLACK SUV pulls up. Two men get out.

INT. SKI CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

The two men come in the front door--

--and see GOON #1 tied up and gagged on the floor. A busted lamp is near his head.

Goon #2, who is one of the two men who came in, stoops and removes the gag from Goon #1.

GOON #1

She's been gone about three hours.
Clocked me with that lamp, the little
bitch. Christ, my head hurts.

The other man from the car steps up.

OTHER MAN

I can help with that.

He SHOOTS Goon #1 in the head with a silenced pistol.

Goon #2 looks up, shocked--

--into the face of the SILVER-HAIRED MAN who now points the pistol at him.

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - NIGHT

Pondrop is pacing beside Hannah, who is sitting in her digital throne.

PONDRUP

I don't understand. It's been almost
three hours.

HANNAH

The satellite feed is completely
scrambled. I could contact one of the
quarantine ships, maybe they--

PONDRUP

No. Not yet.
(he starts pacing again)
What the hell is he--

A FLICKER on the giant multi-screen stops him. A moment later the screen is filled with MULTIPLE ANGLES showing Naomi, CORNERED in the hallway, SCREAMING--

--as ZEKES CLOSE IN from both directions--

--and she tries to FIGHT but it's no use--

--they're ON HER--

--and CLOSEUPS show her face in agony--
--while other angles show TEETH TEARING INTO FLESH--
--and GREEN HANDS tearing LIMBS--
--and a FINAL SCREAM OF EXQUISITE, TORTURED AGONY--
--before the screen finally goes BLACK.

Pondrup and Hannah are riveted, speechless.

And then KY'S FACE fills the screen. Smiling. And HALF GREEN on the side where he hasn't finished wiping off the grease paint.

KY

Think that will satisfy our friend in Chicago? I'm sure Hannah's team can spruce it up. We've collected a lot of Zeke b-roll in the last year.

Hannah looks at Pondrup.

PONDRUP

Ky, listen, this transmission may not be secure. Let's talk on--

GIGA (O.S.)

Sure it is.

The screen divides, pushing Ky to one half and showing Giga on the other. He's cleaning green makeup from his face too.

GIGA

Trust me. No one is seeing this but you.

Pondrup frowns. Then he smiles.

PONDRUP

Okay, boys. What's the game?

The screen shifts to a WIDE SHOT via a hovering drone of Ky, Giga, Chunk and Naomi standing on the balcony at Elysium.

NAOMI

No game. By now you've learned from Dr. Stissik that the Eden virus contains a highly resistant and rapidly duplicating genetic strand
(MORE)

NAOMI (CONT'D)

compatible with the human genome. This single helix strand is able to almost instantly repair, replace, or reproduce any cell it encounters.

HANNAH

What the hell does all that mean?

PONDRUP

It means the first real break-through in medical battles against cancer, HIV, diabetes, influenza.

NAOMI

Yes. But as I'm sure Dr. Stissik also explained, that means lots of pharmaceutical companies having bidding wars for patents, any one of which would dwarf your current ad revenue for zTv. But none of that happens without our help. And that comes with a price.

PONDRUP

And that price would be?

NAOMI

We're still crunching those numbers, aren't we, boys?

They nod and smile. Ky STEPS FORWARD with a baseball bat on his shoulder.

KY

We'll be in touch. And don't call us.
We'll call you.

He SWINGS at the drone, obliterating it into

BLACKNESS